

Anna Marie Mangialardo Testimony
My Story, His Glory
Kalispel, Montana
In Support of H. B. 490
March 28, 2011

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HB 490

Mr. Chairman and Members of the Committee;

I was born February 10, 1997 at University Hospital in Cincinnati, Ohio. I was whisked away never to see my birth mother again. I was her seventh child. Why did she give birth to me if I wasn't wanted? Why didn't she abort me? Who was that invisible force that pushed her to give me life? Nevertheless she kept me long enough for birth and then . . . I was taken to a foster home for four months and then . . .

I was taken to a home that wanted to adopt me. I fell off a couch and hit my head on the corner of a table. I would never be the same again. My mother had me checked out at the hospital and all was okay but a few weeks later my head began to swell until it was the size of an adult head on a six-month old body. I was taken to Children's Hospital where I lived for two months. My mother decided she did not want a child with medical problems and stopped the adoption. The hospital doctors found that I now had hydrocephalus with liquid building in my head. They drilled holes to drain the liquid trying to keep my head from getting bigger. I was strapped to a table, kept still, and quiet. It took two shunt operations to stop the head growth. The hospital staff was my family now and they talked to me and tried to be my family since I had no one who cared about me.

At nine months I was put in another foster home while an adoption family could be found for me. A month later God tells them to adopt me, medical problems and all. The hospital told this family I was retarded and would never walk. My parents decided they weren't going to live with a retarded child. They tested me to find out how my mind was and saw that I was not retarded but seriously behind in my development. They worked with me and in about five months I was not only caught up but ahead in what I could do. I just didn't walk yet and I am now 18 months old. My parents kept working with me. I got prayer from the whole world. One day at a hospital checkup I walked down the hall to the doctor who put the shunt in my head showing that I was healed.

Today I'm a 14-year-old homeschooler in Kalispell, Montana. I'm a pianist, a dancer, and a firm pro-life supporter. I believe in God who healed me and saved me. I constantly find myself praying for my birth parents that God would bless them for choosing life. And I give thanks to my mom and dad for they are also the reason I'm here today.

I say to all those in Montana who think abortion is the key to look at me. Yes, I had a fall but look at what resulted from it. Sometimes God let's things happen to people to see if they give Him the glory. To God be the glory. Does God get glory from murder? Does He get glory from abortion? No, because He made me. He knew me before I was conceived.

It must break God's heart each time we contemplate abortion. Then when we take the baby's life it must shatter His heart to pieces.

It's like making a card and giving it to someone who tears it up right before you into little pieces. Your heart just shreds with it because you made every line and decoration. It took hours to make and all for nothing.

That's what abortion is like to God. His work has no point. He made me and He caused my birth mother to keep me because she was open to a little bit of truth. Choose Life! That is what God is all about. He loves us all and is victorious over death.

I wholeheartedly support H. B. 490.